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BIOG.

DOUGLAS MONTAGU THORNTON

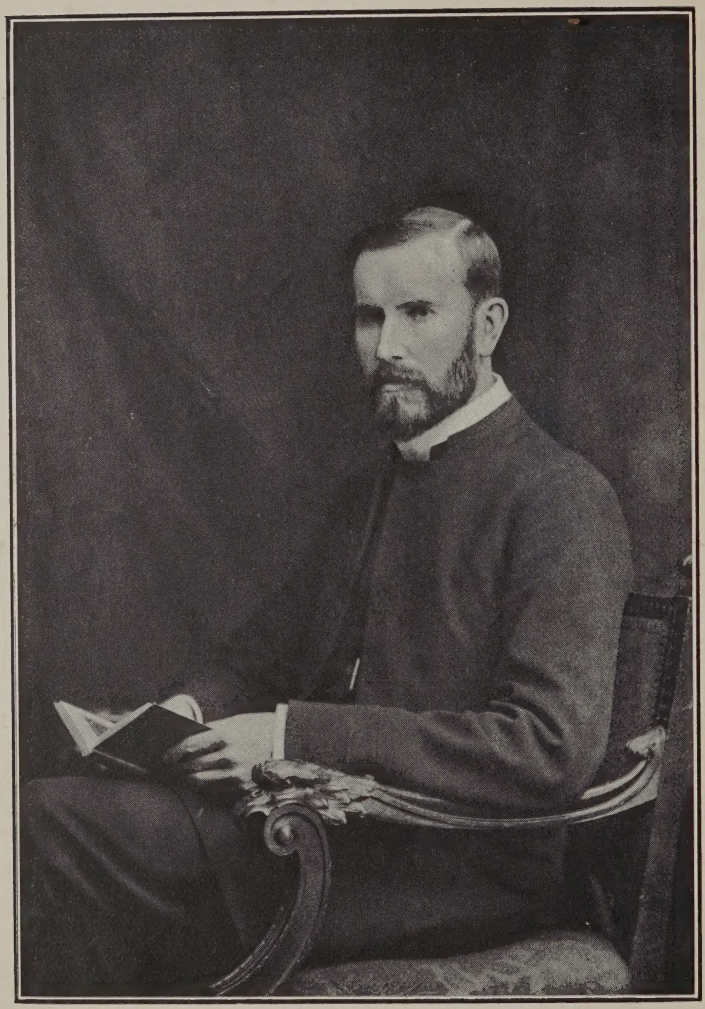
Died, Sunday Morning, 8th September 1907,

AGED 34.

A MEMORIAL SKETCH

BY

W. H. T. G.



Yours very faithfully
D. S. Montagu

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In Memoriam

D. M. T.

Born March 18th, 1873; Died Sunday, September 8th, 1907.

By W. H. T. G.

(Re-printed from "Orient and Occident," an Anglo-Arabic Magazine, founded by them in 1905.

IT is my sad but sacred privilege to give to Readers of "Orient and Occident," and others whom these lines will reach, some sketch of my loved friend and fellow-labourer, whom God has called away from his work in our midst. And this I have taken up my pen to do, labouring under a strong sense of heavy responsibility, with the desire, hope, and prayer, that the influence of his personality and the appeal of his life may come home to very many here and elsewhere, and result in the quickening of their spiritual lives, the kindling of their zeal, and the consecration of themselves to Jesus Christ: if perchance in his death he may effect even more than in his life,—if perchance we may, even in these early days, see already an earnest of the promise, "Except a corn of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

"Father, glorify Thy Name!"

DOUGLAS MONTAGU THORNTON was born on March 18, 1873, at Southwold, Norfolk. He was of the company of the "sons of the clergy," his father, the Rev. C. C. Thornton (who survives him) being a clergyman of the Anglican Communion. The name Thornton is Anglo-Saxon, and this family name is an illustrious one in English ecclesiastical and philanthropic history. One of his ancestors, John, was a great Indian reformer, a member of the band of enthusiasts who lived at Clapham, near London, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were called the "Clapham sect," and represented that section of the National Church which had been inspired by the great religious revival of the eighteenth century in England. It included men like the father of the great Lord Macaulay, and William Wilberforce, the immortal worker in the emancipation of the slave. It was the object of much contempt and satire and ridicule (Thackeray satirized it in "The Newcomes," and elsewhere), but the fact remains that hardly a good cause at home or abroad was mooted, in those days of great causes, but it owed its initiation and effectual support to the great men of that sect.

Another of his ancestors was Henry Thornton, a member of the same party in the Church, and the first Treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, the very Society in which his descendant, D. M. THORNTON, worked down to the day of his death here in Cairo.

Into this splendid stock came other strenuous strains of nationality—French Huguenot, contributing fire and imagination; Scottish and North of England, giving robustness and persistence; Norse, giving the desire to wander away, finding new lands to conquer—in his case

not with the sword of steel, but of the Spirit.

There was every natural reason why both strength and piety should characterise one sprung from such

THE LITTLE BISHOP.

sources as these. And it appears that both qualities were early in evidence; his mother, who died before he was five, used to call him "the Little Bishop." We should say here how incalculably much he owed to his

stepmother, a true mother to him, whose services to himself he never wearied of acknowledging all his life.

His Education.

He received as good an education as the well-known English public-school and university system can give, his father sparing no expense to train the son in whom he had early seen promise, and for whom he had great hopes. He gained a scholarship at Marlborough, the great school in the South-West of England, in 1887, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1892, where he read Mathematics, taking his B.A., with honours, in 1895.

He used often to complain that the result of his education, nevertheless, was disappointing; for which he felt himself partly to blame. On the other hand, his wide general knowledge, power of getting up a subject, and ease and fluency in expounding it or writing it down, always seemed to me proof that his education had, after all, done its work well; though had he had it over again he would, probably, have read literature, philosophy, and history, or theology, rather than mathematics. He was very humble about his limitations; one of the very last things I heard him say, in his delirium, was, "I'm afraid I'm not *scholar* enough for that!"

First Religious Experiences.

Despite the early piety of the "Little Bishop," he dates what he himself calls his conversion back to the year 1886, when he was thirteen. Writing on Sept. 4th, 1897 (ten years to a *day* before the day on which his condition became critical) he says: "This is the evening

of my conversion eleven years ago. It took place in the streets of Nottingham, about 6 p.m. It makes me feel how little I have done for the Master. And, as I go down to Marlborough (his old school) on the 21st, with R., it will remind me of my young converted days. You know I always had "assurance of salvation" throughout my Marlborough days."

The circumstances were as follows:—his young brother Cecil (after whom his little son is to-day named) was dangerously ill, and like to die. This boy was himself converted to God during this illness, and had spoken to his brother Douglas about the things of God. However he had not heeded, though he was impressed. But when a telegram came saying that Cecil was in a critical state, and asking prayer, and this was followed by another in the afternoon announcing a successful operation, he then felt the personal call of God. His aunt Mrs. Henry Thornton had already been speaking to him of the life of consecration, and, as he walked through the streets taking a telegram of thankfulness for the good-news, he yielded himself to God. "It was there (he writes) the light dawned. I thanked God for Cecil, then I felt led to thank Him for giving me health and strength, while He saw fit to give my brother sickness . . . Then it dawned on me further, 'I have never really thanked Him for sending Jesus to die for me.'—So there and then I did so, and then and there I gained assurance of forgiveness, which I have never lost."

Immediately he tried to witness for Christ in his own school (this was characteristic of him always), and this he did by reading his Bible after prayers before the

other boys, while supper was handed round. Only one other boy did the same. Eastern readers cannot have any conception of what this sort of thing costs the one who does it, in English school and university life.

University Life.

He, himself, says that there was nothing farther to record, particularly in spiritual progress, during his school days. If he did not progress much, he, at any rate, did not lose what he had gained. Just before going up to Cambridge, however (he writes), "I began to learn victory's secret from one who had learned it from Geo. Grubb. Selfishness and impurity were the besetting sins. Over both of these God showed me how to win His victories, at Cromer in 1892. But this was testimony to fact, not revelation of Person."

This "Revelation of the Person" soon came however. He went up to Cambridge, and soon became a prominent member of the Christian Union of the undergraduates of that University. The "burning zeal," truly denoted as his chief characteristic by his oldest native friend at his grave-side, even then markedly characterised him. Rumours of it came over to the sister University of Oxford, where I was at the time, also in my first year, and those reports were my first introduction to the name of "D. M. T,"—fourteen years ago. His foreign-missionary enthusiasm, always such a prominent feature, was even in that first year marked, and caused him to be elected Secretary of the University Missionary Union in 1893.

His reputation for extraordinary zeal was indeed already formed when the summer brought the end of his

first College year. But he himself was not satisfied. He wished to learn two things: one, how to work for Christ; and the second, the "Revelation of the Person" before mentioned. He determined to spend some of the vacation in doing Christian work among the children who spend the summer in the watering-places round our coasts. While engaged in this work, a friend urged him to go and attend a Convention being held at Keswick, in the North of England. The first part was devoted to foreign missions; the second, to religious life and experience. The former greatly intensified and fixed his enthusiasm for foreign missions, which burned on to the day of his death. But it was at the latter that he gained what he chiefly needed—the spiritual apprehension of the living Person of Christ. At one of the evenings of the Convention he went to hear certain speakers well-known in the religious world in England. "It was crowded and stifling (he writes): the meeting began: H. B. Macartney rose up full of the Holy Ghost. He electrified everyone in a word, so it seemed to me. This is something of what he said:—'Now it seems to me what all we people want to-night is to get into the presence of God at once. If we wish to speak about God, the Holy Ghost, let us believe in Him and realise Him. Shall we all say, *I believe in the Holy Ghost?*' We all did ..... I had confessed my faith in Him; and He came in all His fulness into my soul. Immediately I seemed to see JESUS ....

AT A C.S.S.M., PORTRUSH, 1893.

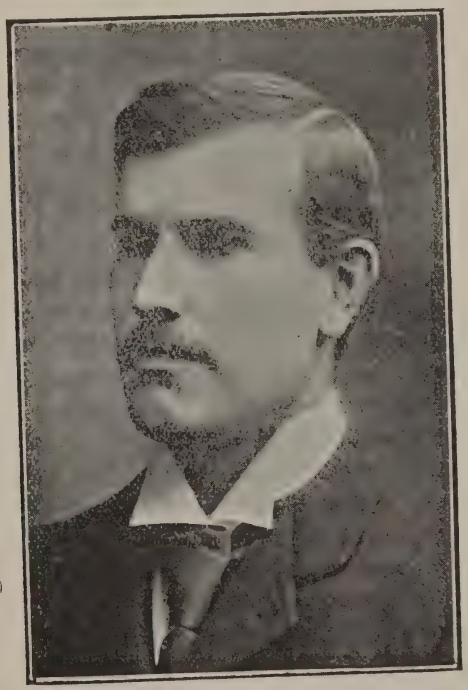
The truth seemed so easy now, 'We in Christ, and Christ in us.'

"No sooner had he finished than I felt impelled to testify. So out I went, and, as the door in the side was locked, I jumped out of the top of the window. Down into the market place [where there was preaching going on]. 'Let me speak to-night!' and I did. And so the life in Him began in deed."

It might be legitimate to query such emotional experiences, if we did not now know that they were real. The life that has just closed has proved that the influence of that evening at Keswick was continued, effectively, to the very last hour of his life.

His last two years at Cambridge were marked by extraordinary earnestness. I remember, in my second year at Oxford, hearing of the lead he took in emphasising the spirit of self-sacrifice in Christian life at the University. He sold his sofa; then a valuable print over his fire-place; and gave the proceeds to God. He emphasised the need of daily prayer, of the "morning watch," by inventing a curious machine, connected with an alarum-clock, which the profane called "D. M. T.'s gallows," the object of which was to wake the sleeper every morning by dragging off his bed-clothes. Early rising was, constitutionally, difficult to him. Every evening, at 10, he joined with a few like-minded for special prayer. The intensity of this sort of thing produced a perfect ferment in the Union to which he belonged, many members thinking that he and others had gone too far. But the nett result of his undergraduate days was, unquestionably, a deep influence on the life of his College and University. His influence over in-

dividuals was remarkable. His efforts to help them, to interest them in the Kingdom were unceasing. His organising power and social gift were incomparable.



CAMBRIDGE, ABOUT 1895.

He was perfectly fearless of public opinion, looking only to God and his sense of personal duty.

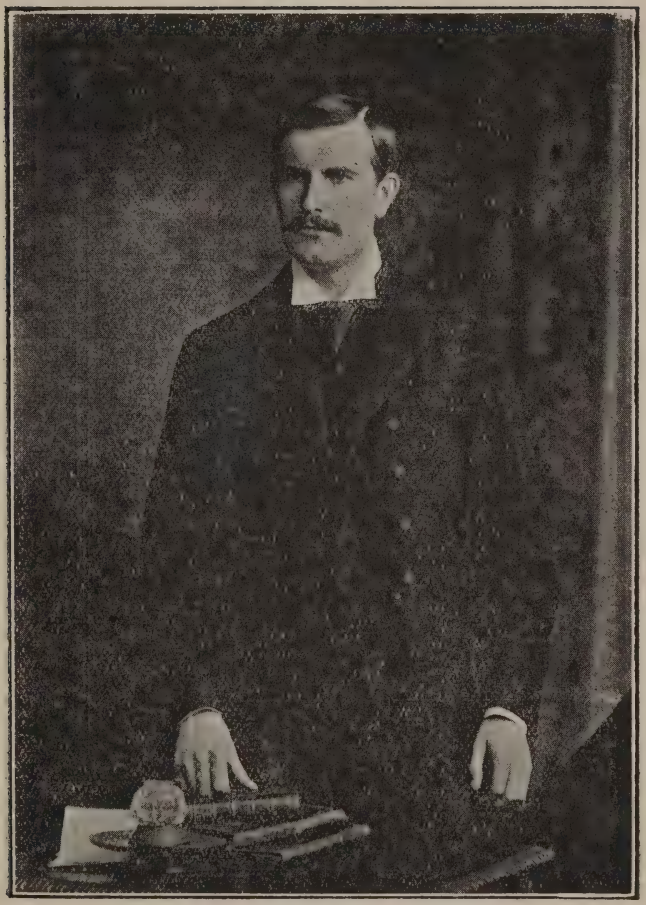
A Wider Opportunity.

Our Readers should, at this point, realise that this

Christian and missionary movement at Cambridge was only a part of a widespread movement all over the Colleges of Great Britain, and, in fact, of the world, which has been going on for a quarter of a century. D. M. T. was not the man to be blind to the significance of this movement, which aims at nothing shorter than (1) the capturing of the Universities and Colleges for Christ, (2) the enlisting of students in the task of evangelising the world. These aims, in their breadth and astounding boldness, captivated his mind. He threw himself with fiery intensity into the general movement, striving to ally the Christian movement in his University with it, to their mutual advantage and strengthening.

He had opportunities of doing this during a fourth year which he spent at a theological College in Cambridge, Ridley Hall, the Principal of which was then the present Bishop of Durham. During that year he deepened his knowledge of the Scriptures with their commentaries, and of Christian doctrine and Church history, the soundness and excellence of his knowledge of which Readers of *"Orient and Occident"* have cause to know well.

In the next year (1896) came two great opportunities, which he fully seized, and which have borne fruit down to the present day. The first of these was in connection with the adoption, by the British Christian Movement, of the Watchword, " *The Evangelisation of the World in this Generation,"* as its own article of belief and inspiration to effort. Thornton adopted this Watchword personally with his heart and soul, and this fact largely accounts for the fiery nature of his course in Egypt. Of course, it was not a prophecy that the world *would* be evangelised



S.V.M.U. AND "WATCHWORD" DAYS.

in this generation; but it was a deliberate avowal that it *might* be, and *ought* to be: that is to say, that the Church of Christ might and should carry the Gospel of Christ to every individual in all the five continents in the present generation. To that end the Movement (in adopting the watchword) definitely works. Towards it Thornton deliberately directed the efforts of the remainder of his life. And the first contribution he made towards it was devoting himself heart and soul to the assistance of the small band of student-leaders who induced the British Movement to adopt this watchword as its own, and to bring it before the Churches and the Christian public of Britain.

The second great opportunity of that year was in close connection with the first. The Committee of the British Movement, believing that the cause of foreign missions could best be forwarded by promoting the knowledge of the subject, appointed Thornton to the task of organising bands in all the Colleges for the study of missions, and preparing text-books to form the foundation of that study. He already had acquired an unusual knowledge of the subject,* and he proceeded to fling himself into his new task with characteristic fire and boundless energy. He read scores, nay, hundreds of books and pamphlets, about India, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Abyssinia, Western Africa, South Africa, East Africa, the Nile, the Congo, the Niger, with the prevailing religions of those parts, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam, till he became a perfect specialist on the subject. He sat long hours of the day in the British Museum, buried in books: long hours of the night at his home in Croydon

* In the following year he won a University prize for an essay on certain minor Indian religions.

preparing his studies and text-books. The result of these truly magnificent labours was the initiation and thorough organisation of a scheme of Missionary study throughout the Colleges of Britain, and the completion of a text-book on Africa and the Missionary Problem, called "*Africa Waiting,*" which has, in its way, become a classic, and set the standard for the numerous similar works that have since appeared.

It is considerations like these that ought to make us realise in Egypt the value of the man we have had in our midst, and the extent of our loss. Such unparalleled experience, research, knowledge, such unique preparation, the like of which we shall probably never witness again! And to be withdrawn after only nine years work—at the age of 34!

"Thy will be done."

His missionary studies had interested him particularly in the Moslem world and the Islamic faith. He saw in them the ones who had been most of all sinned against by the Christian Church: the ones whose enthusiasm and fire might have been enlisted for, instead of against, the Cross, had the Christians of the sixth and seventh centuries been true to the Lord's commission, and loyal to the faith and life revealed by Him. He saw in them the ones who most of all deserved, and whom it was most of all necessary, to regain for Christ and His Kingdom. And, in seeking to find where he could most advantageously put his life in pawn, so as to help in carrying out the stupendous task, he came to the conclusion that Egypt, the undoubted centre of the Moslem world, was the place of all others. At first he had thought of Hausaland, that marvellous centre of West African Islam. But

it was not to be. It was about this time that I became really intimate with my friend. The same studies (in which he had been my guide), had brought me to the same ambition, to make Christ known to Moslems; and to the same desire to go to the valley of the Nile.

We were, however, unaware of each others' thoughts. And great was our surprise and mutual pleasure when we found that we had both, in the same week, offered to the same Society for the same work in the same field. Thus began the partnership which continued unbroken for nine years, and has only been dissolved by the hand of Death.

In his last year in England, 1897-8, he read theology steadily for ordination. But even so he managed to find time for an important work—that of bringing the claims of foreign missions before theological students, the men who within a few years would be the ministers of congregations in the home church, and on whose zeal therefore, the cause of foreign missions would so greatly depend. It was at this time that he and I were first brought intimately together as workers in the same project; it was there we learned to trust each other; it was there began the intimacy which those know who often kneel together in prayer. "D. M. T." was the moving spirit in this work, and time has proved that what was done that year was not in vain.

In the autumn of that year 1898 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of London in the great cathedral of St. Paul's. He was ordained Presbyter by the Bishop of Jerusalem, in Jerusalem, about a year afterwards. Though yielding to none in breadth of sympathy and practical co-operation in Christian work, he was a whole-

hearted son of the Anglican Church, the beliefs of which were his fervent belief, the rites of which his sincere comfort and delight. It was beautifully fitting that the last act in which he showed his last dying gleam of consciousness of the world without, should have been the reception of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

according to the Anglican form which he whole-heartedly loved.

In the autumn of 1898, he sailed for Egypt to take up the work of preaching Christ's Gospel in that country. He was already betrothed to the lady who, in 1899 became his wife, Miss Elaine Anderson, daughter of the late Sir William Anderson, K.C.B., F.R.S., the Director

General of Royal Ordnance Factories. She survives him, with their little boy, Cecil, named after the dead brother through whom he himself found life. Our prayers follow her, and him, to their new home in England. May God be with him! may He give him back to us one day in the room of his father, our leader and friend!

A Self Revelation on the Threshold.

What were his ideals on leaving his native shores? We have seen how filled he was with burning zeal, with initiative and bold enterprise; we have seen how elaborate his preparation, how extraordinary his technical knowledge of his missionary profession. This was a unique equipment: but we need something still to complete the sketch. It is found in a letter written to his betrothed a few weeks before leaving England, in which, in a few burning words, he states his ideal for the life on which he was entering:—

"I want this letter to be from my heart . . . I want you secretly before your Maker to make a firm resolve that you will help me to be true to my past convictions, wrought out on my knees, and in the presence of the life and Book of Christ.

"I must be true to God and conscience all my life. I will not, by the help of God, allow the world to dazzle me, in wealth, in popularity, in literature, in soul.

"I see before me two divergent ways. The one is that of settlement and ease, the other that of pioneering as a preacher-prophet all the time. I do not feel prepared to say that God wants me to be living comfortably—in the sense of settled down. I trust that you always stand

in readiness to bear a separation if the Lord shall cause it. It may be we shall stay in Cairo many years. I may be summoned to Hausaland, or other lands.

"Again, I trust you will not think me selfish if I have to work at nights, in years to come. I fear there will be very little "drawing-room" time in my active life. I feel I must work while it is called to-day. God willing, Cairo must undergo a transformation of religious life. How to bring this about calls for our constant prayers. It must be done."

Read and re-read these remarkable words. How often, when ideals are compared with performance, hardly a trace of likeness can be recognised. But compare this ideal, expressed in 1895 with the reality on which we in 1907 look back. They are identical! And how many hundreds of Copts and Moslems, in Upper Egypt can bear witness that, to the last, he was indeed "the preacher-prophet all the time." A glorious meeting at Minya was his last work before coming back to Cairo to lay his wearied body upon the bed from which he never rose again.

Cairo—Language-Study.

Arrived in Cairo, he set himself with characteristic thoroughness to the task of learning Arabic. The standard he set himself was the highest, and his attainment was decided, especially in pronunciation, reading aloud, understanding the most rapid conversation, and rapid reading of Arabic print. It was in pronunciation he took unprecedented pains, spending hours and hours with his Sheikh, ear to mouth, trying to hear and imitate the nuances of Arabic pronunciation, in order

that he might get nearer the hearts of the people, and avoid offending them with distasteful mispronunciations. He also took unlimited pains with Arabic Grammar, both Nahu and Sarf, and his dictionary, nearly in rags and scored with innumerable notes, bore witness to the work he put into translation. His Sheikh was Ahmad Effendi Abdul-Kadir; his teacher in composition Skander Effendi Kosman; in grammar, the late Girgis Effendi Zaki, of the Mixed Tribunals: to all of these he repeatedly expressed his obligations.

All this preparation—and only these few years of full work! yet we *cannot* say it was in vain: a revised Arabic prayer-book, which he entirely saw through the Press, three volumes of this Magazine, and a whole mass of smaller publications, bear witness to the fruit of that rigorous preparation: but most of all, men addressed, influenced, instructed, won—is not this the best denial to the false thought that all that trouble was a tragedy of effort wasted, vain, like water poured forth on to the barren sand?

First Efforts.

In speaking of his work in Egypt, we cannot help assuming, with the utmost humility, and genuine respect for our Moslem friends, yet with perfect plainness, the first principles of all missionary work, namely, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour who died for the sins of the whole world, and that He should therefore, be preached as such to Moslems, and as such be also believed on by them. Certainly Douglas Thornton never concealed his adhesion to this principle by any finessing or subtleties though he always acted with wisdom and concilia-

tion), and I do not believe Moslems trusted, admired, or loved him the less for his boldness. This being premised, and understood, we may go on to consider some aspects of his missionary life.

What might be called his apprenticeship lasted some five years; he began by holding a small class, at which each member gave some thought on the subject of the evening. Then he would go down to Rod-el-Farag, and board some boat, and speak in a simple way to the boatmen from Upper Egypt. Very soon he presided at the meetings for preaching in Cairo itself, plucking up courage (and much was necessary) to say a few words himself to a critical, and often unfriendly, audience at a time when his Arabic was still rudimentary. But there was no one else to do it better, and he obeyed duty's call. These nerve-trying experiences at all events hastened the time when he should become an efficient speaker and be able to take a meeting himself. The introduction of the lantern at these services was one of the many things due to his initative and ever-inventive, fertile brain.

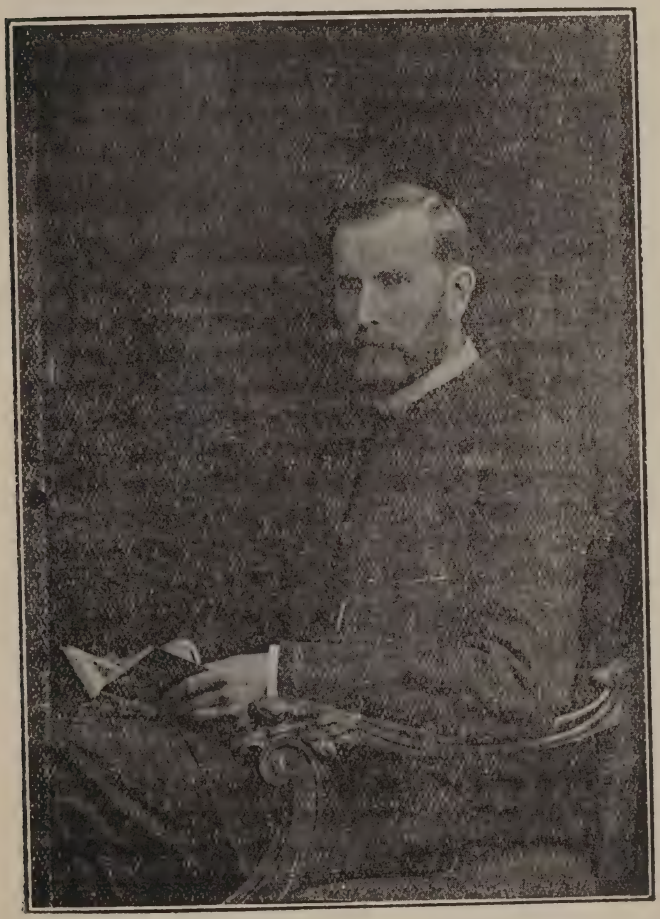
Again, he would throw open the Book-Depot in the evenings, and with the help of volunteer Egyptian fellow-workers speak with any who entered to read or to converse. Many were the conversations with Sheikh or Effendi, or Artizan, held in those days, and all found him courteous, however emphatic in maintaining his opinion! His style in disputation was often decidedly vigorous (as vigorous as his friend the opponent!), but I do not think any man ever parted from him in anger.

His Mature Work.

The mention of the Book-Depot leads me to emphasise one of his greatest ideals and desires: to supply and circulate good literature, and thus advance the Kingdom of Christ not in Cairo only but all through Egypt, by means of the printed pages. He greatly developed the business of the Book-Depot (first in the site at the top of Sharia Mohammed Ali, then in Bait Arabi Pasha, Bab-el-Luk), laying in a stock of excellent English books, and Arabic books published in Beyrout, Jerusalem, Cairo, etc., and by means of colportage, advertisement, etc., circulating them far and wide. His idea was to displace some of the rubbish that is sold and read, with good literature; and to bring Christ before people everywhere.

The same object underlay his publishing schemes. The Magazine, "Orient and Occident" owed its inception and the planning of its main features to his inventive versatility. And he conceived the idea of republishing tracts and articles of permanent value, and circulating them throughout Egypt. Two of the chief of these came from his own pen—The life of Abraham, and The life of Joseph: also (in part) The life of Christ. In these he, being dead, yet speaketh.

But he was never one to sit all day at a desk writing. The dominant passion was that for *men,* for souls. He was, therefore, the moving spirit in organising the series of meetings in Bait Arabi Pasha, from 1904-1906, meetings which must be fresh in the memory of so many young men in Cairo, whether students of the old order or new, of the Azhar or the Higher Colleges. Meetings for the former often produced lively times; he enjoyed



this, for he had much of the fighting spirit in him. And however lively our friends became, he was never put out of countenance or shouted down. And I think he must often have taught salutary lessons as to the value of Christianity by the superiority of his courtesy and forbearance on those trying occasions.

The general meetings too he often addressed, and it was his special joy to address them on purely moral subjects. Many young men must have been deeply impressed, perhaps saved from youthful sins, by the series of addresses (on Purity and perils of Immorality) upon which he was specially keen. He himself composed several of the papers read, and afterwards superintended their publication. They remain a monument to his own chaste and pure mind and life. Nothing similar, so far I know, exsists in the Arabic language. May they continue to influence the lives of the young men whom he so deeply desired to help.

But his speaking at meetings was less important than his work in that infinitely rarer, harder, and more difficult branch of service—dealing with individuals. From morning to night, he was at the service of any who desired to speak with him about the things of God or of righteousness. Often have I seen him waylaid by somebody as he went out to get his hardly-earned hour of exercise, and he would cheerfully give it up; and perhaps he would go on talking with that man till long after his supper-time, not coming upstairs perhaps till the house had retired to bed. In the train, in the tram-car, he was ever ready to enter into conversation with the passengers about the things of the kingdom. If he went a ride in the desert he would speak to the donkey-

boys. If he went abroad on Easter Monday it would be with a chosen band of associates to distribute Christian literature to the holiday-makers. And it was a subject of half-laughing admiration among us that he even was heard speaking about these matters to his dragoman half-way down the shaft of the Great Pyramid! It was in season and out of season with D. M. Thornton.

For converts to Christianity he had a particular tenderness, helping them in their numerous difficulties, protecting them, taking a special delight in instructing them, in weekly classes, on the life of Christ, the History of the Church, Doctrine etc. His latest scheme was to have a little band of these men and others always with him, so as to instruct them, now in the practical work of preaching and conversation, now in the Bible and other subjects connected with religion. But it was not to be. May God yet fulfil his desire, in His own way and time!

Another of his dominating ideals was that the ancient National Church of this country should shine forth in her pristine glory, and be a glorious force in the moral and spiritual evangelisation of the land, and in the preaching of Christ to those who know Him not. And both in Cairo and Upper Egypt he greatly encouraged his Coptic friends, visiting and speaking in their meetings, and even at times their churches, and winning the confidence of prelates, clergy, and laity alike.

He was an ardent pro-Egyptian. He sympathised with whatever is sincere in national aspirations, though of course he kept free from politics. He liked to hear his student-friends discuss their political and social aspirations, and liked to see every effort they made towards self-help, every sign of initiative, every symptom

of dispensing with outside assistance, and managing things themselves. All this he never discouraged but always encouraged. He regularly read the native Press of all shades of opinion, from *El-Lewa* to *El-Mokattam*, and was perfectly independent in forming his judgment on what he read. Egypt has lost in him a true friend, and one who if he had lived would have been a true mediator between classes and nationalities in this country, owing to the central and uninfluenced position he occupied, and the confidence that he was winning on all sides.

But evangelism was his real vocation. The narrowness of Cairo sometimes oppressed him beyond bearing. He longed for the "evangelisation of Egypt in this generation." For this reason, how great was his joy when at last the way opened up for him to preach Christ's gospel in Upper Egypt. The kindness of many friends—Coptic, German, American—prepared the way, and some glorious meetings resulted. Those days—in Assouan, in Luxor, Kena, Tahta, Minya, Beni-Suef—were the happiest and the most exultant of all the days of his nine years in Egypt.

And they were his last. They were the final act of his life. *Finis coronat opus.*

In his last illness he was not unhappy. He believed himself to be about to get better; no immediate duties were being left undone (it was vacation time); he could afford the time to be ill. Later on, when the illness increased, and delirium came on, he was happy still. A sense of completion seemed to be with him. He would be often delegating work to his colleagues. "I'll leave that to you fellows to organise", he would say. "I'm tired." His mind wandered among the subjects, scenes,

and persons he loved best; ever and always it was "the work" and the workers to which it turned.

The disease was typhoid. The attack, severe though it turned out, he might have weathered, had not pneumonia supervened. Against this he had not the power left to struggle, and after three days of suspense, he gradually sank all Saturday night, the 7th September.

A Self-Revelation—At the Close.

We were with him all that night, and watched him there. Scarcely would you have said that the room was a chamber of sorrow or death. Say rather it was the ante-room of heaven. On our part, through the long night-watches we sang to him hymns, especially (of Arabic ones) his favourite "Abide with me;" we also read hymns aloud, and passages and texts of Scripture with their undying significance and comfort, and quickening power. Anon we prayed—for his spirit in that supreme hour; for his work; for his child. On his part, he showed us himself, he showed us—all unconsciously—his inmost heart.

The delirium made him unaware he was even ill. What he said therefore was not *for the occasion:* he was speaking to himself rather than to us. For that very reason his words were a truest index to himself. And what did we hear? Not one word that was inconsistent with his profession. Not one syllable—all through the night (and he talked incessantly)—but he might have repeated it before God's throne. Not a sentence was not about "the work;" about his "colleagues;" about his child. Once, pressed to take the stimulant ordered by the doctor, he refused: "*It would do great harm to my work, and I want*

to have it straight with the Lord and my colleague from the start." Another time he seemed to be preparing a sermon, "*I want, most of all, to say a few words on Christian duty.*" Ever and anon he prayed, clasping and raising his hands. Twice we caught the sound of the Lord's Prayer. And more than once he thought himself preaching. Voice, expression, and attitude betokened a fierce earnestness, which was almost terrible to watch. He seemed to be pleading, in desperate earnestness, with souls. It was for the last time. According to his own word nine years before, he was a "preacher-prophet" to the last: "I feel I must work while it is day" he had written . . . .

For the night was coming now, when he could no longer work. The shades of death were closing on him, and we knelt round his bed and partook of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The sacred Viaticum was given him and he took it, before the last Journey on which he must now embark.

The last words I heard him say were "*I must have Friday for the Moslem meeting.*" And so you, Moslems, were in his heart till the last of all.

Then unconsciousness came. The dawn began to flush red in the East. As its light turned to gold, and the day was nearly come, he gently breathed his last, and the pure spirit fled away to its eternal holyday,—on that cloudless Sunday morning, the day, and well-nigh the hour, on which his Lord rose from the dead.

The prevailing characteristies of our friend's noble life was, as the Reader will have seen, *single-heartedness* and *intensity*.

I do not want even to suggest he was a faultless character—he would hate that that should ever be suggested:—no men of so great calibre are faultless. But his faults were the defects of his qualities; so, his enthusiasm might sometimes be rashness, his rapidity of thought might lead to inconsistency of thinking, his

uncompromising devotion to principle might make him slow to see other's viewpoint, or severe on their weakness or stupidity. But what are these things compared with the pure heart, with its strength as of ten, *because* it is pure; with the utter faithfulness; with the passionate, changeless devotion! He had the one thing needful—he sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. The Kingdom of God was not an object of his life, or even *the* object of his life, it *was* his life. He lived for

nought else. Not for one hour, since that day at Keswick, in August 1893, did he swerve one hair'sbreadth from the vow he then made, from the principle he then adopted to govern his entire life. Vow and principle held good till the end, and were as bright and living that last night in Cairo as fourteen years before. By day he worked for God. At nights, true to that warning to his Betrothed in 1898, he usually sat up late, studying, or writing business letters. If his sleep went from him, he would lie awake, and, in the watches of the night or the early morning, would ponder and plan how God's Kingdom might be more swiftly, efficiently forwarded. Or the Muezzin's cry before dawn, or the bell of the Catholic convent at early morning, would arouse in him meditations about God and His truth. And when day was come, he would tell us of his visions of the night.

He looked forward to a regenerated East, a regenerated Egypt, a Cairo which should have "undergone a transformation of religious life." He did not see these things, but he died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and persuaded of them. It is for us to go on working in his spirit to make these things a reality. "How to bring all this about will need our constant prayers. It must be done."

Aye, it must, noble heart! And here, in bidding thee farewell, we yield *ourselves* to receive a double portion of thy spirit and do it. Shall not this be the resolve that shall be formed, truly and before God, by all who have read these lines. *Then* will he not have lived in vain. Then will his death not even *seem* premature. Then shall this grain of wheat that has fallen into the ground *not* abide alone, but, true to the law of *life through death*,

which was the law of Christ's life, and to which all His servants must subscribe, it will spring up and bear much fruit, multiplying itself times without number. So may it be! So, by God's grace, *shall* it be.

"Make Jesus King."

By D. M. THORNTON.

"THE whole wide world for Jesus."
All creatures great and small,
Come ye, bow down before Him,
God shall be all in all.
Go, Christian men united,
Filled with compassion, sing
The earth's awaking chorus,
Peal forth: "Make Jesus King."

"The Gospel of the Kingdom,"
Go, teach, baptise, to-day
Let all creation listen,
Before it pass away.
Those millions groping, longing
For peace, for pardon free,
Tell them the words of Jesus,
Ring out: "Come unto Me."

This generation calleth,
Shall Christians not obey
Commands of Jesus age-long?
His promise stands to-day:
All power to Me is given,
My banner rests unfurled,
Lo, I am with you alway,
Evangelise the world.

"Until the Morn."

We are sure that our Readers wish to have some account of the funeral of their Friend, the co-editor of this Paper, which took place at Old Cairo on the afternoon of his death, September 8th.

It was honoured by the presence of many of his friends from different Denominations and Societies,—a catholic assemblage to pay the last respect to a catholic-minded man.

He had sometimes expressed a wish—but not, be it understood, an actual command—to be laid, if possible, in a native Egyptian cemetery, in particular that of the National Church of the country, so that he might lie among the people to whom he had dedicated his life. And we are grateful to the Most Reverend the Coptic Patriarch for granting his permission that it be so. Unfortunately, the short hours that elapse between death and burial in these lands did not permit of the exceptional arrangements needed being made, and it was inevitable to lay him after all in the beautiful new cemetery of his countrymen. His Widow wishes us to say she hopes his Egyptian friends will "take the will for the deed," as she does herself, and as she knows he would have done.

The coffin was met at the Church of the old Cemetery by the Rev. J. T. Burns, one of the English clergy at All Saints', with the Rev. F. I. Anderson, and Rev. F. Armitage. They read the solemn sentences that open the service, as the procession moved slowly to the Church.

When all was still within the Church, Nikola Effendi Gabriel, his oldest fellow-worker in Egypt, read the Psalm appointed—the Ninetieth. The verse which seemed to

come with most comfort was the concluding petition (with an adaptation of the pronoun), "And prosper thou the work of his hands upon us, O prosper thou his hand's work?" Indeed that is the uppermost wish of all in our hearts.

Then the lesson was beautifully read by Bulus Effendi Gabriel, his Coptic friend, and the delegate of the Coptic "Society of Faith," in which he had taken such an exceptional interest. It was the glorious chapter on the resurrection of the dead, 1 Cor. xv. And it, also, closed with a message of hope concerning our friend's work, and a message of inspiration to us in regard to ours:—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, '*forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord.*'

Then the procession reformed again and moved slowly to the new Cemetery. The sun's rays were slanting now; it was cooler; his last resting-place seemed pure, airy, peaceful—what he would himself have liked. As we moved up the path we sang, and the singing sounded sweet. First, his favourite Arabic hymn was sung (No. 286, "Sow in the morn thy seed"). How truly he fulfilled that hymn so dear to him! Most truly he sowed incessantly, morn and eve, in sorrow and in joy, in season and out of season, and certainly he shall "come rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him." But another meaning came home to us:—*We* were then going forth bearing precious seed—his body and life laid down—and shall we not also, as a result, surely "come with joy, bearing our sheaves—his sheaves—with us?"

The second hymn was "Around the throne of God in Heaven." Five lives of our dearest and best have

been laid down in our society in the last five years; and at the funeral of each one of the four buried in Egypt have we sung this hymn.

By this time we were standing round the open grave, the coffin resting on the ground above it. One more hymn, with a continually recurring refrain, was sung very softly in the still silence—"We shall meet, we shall meet again!" The melody and the words were very beautiful.

Then Sheikh Skandar Abd-el-Masih, the first convert from Islam prepared for baptism and baptised by Mr. Thornton, read the prayers before the committal.

Then his Friend and Companion, the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner, committed those mortal remains to the ground, in the immemorial words of the service. And the last words rang with a note of triumph: "Who shall change the body of our humiliation to be conformed unto the body of his glory, according to the energy whereby he is able even to subdue all things to himself". (Phil. 3. 21 cp R.V.) One thought of the worn, marred semblance now being committed to the ground! Ah, that was not our friend, either as he was, in the days of his strong and beautiful youth, or as he will be, when the great change "to the body of His glory" is complete.

Then Khaleel Effendi Tadrus, Catechist in Old Cairo, read the closing prayers.

Then four of his friends gave touching tributes standing at the grave-side. Three of these we have already mentioned. The fourth was the Right Rev. the Metran of Keneh, who especially represented the Patriarch. Between him and Mr. Thornton existed particularly strong ties of affection, though they had met but twice—

the last time being on his preaching-tour in Upper Egypt, when the Metran gave a noble welcome to Mr. Thornton, of which the latter never wearied of speaking in terms of happiness, affection, and gratitude.

Finally we sang his favourite Arabic Hymn "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and, in the waning light of the earthly evening, the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner gave the blessing.

And so we left him, "Until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

His Widow afterwards saluted all those who had honoured him with their presence at this funeral, so remarkable for its uniting different branches of Christ's Church in this country, and for its entirely Oriental tone, manner, and expression: all of which fittingly symbolised the principles which inspired his Christian work and ideals in this country.

That this was so would have been a source of greatest joy to him,—shall we say "*is* a source," . . . , if such knowledge is vouchsafed to those in Paradise.

And we take it as an omen that his work is going to be carried on, and his ideals going to be realised.

God in His mercy grant it.

Amen.

A TEXT

(The only one we overheard from him the night he died).

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK."

HYMN.

(The last he asked for on the night on which he died).

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our restless ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love,

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

WHITTIER.

[These last two verses have been found in his pocket-book, written out by his own hand, on a worn, soiled scrap of paper, as if frequently and continuously referred to.]